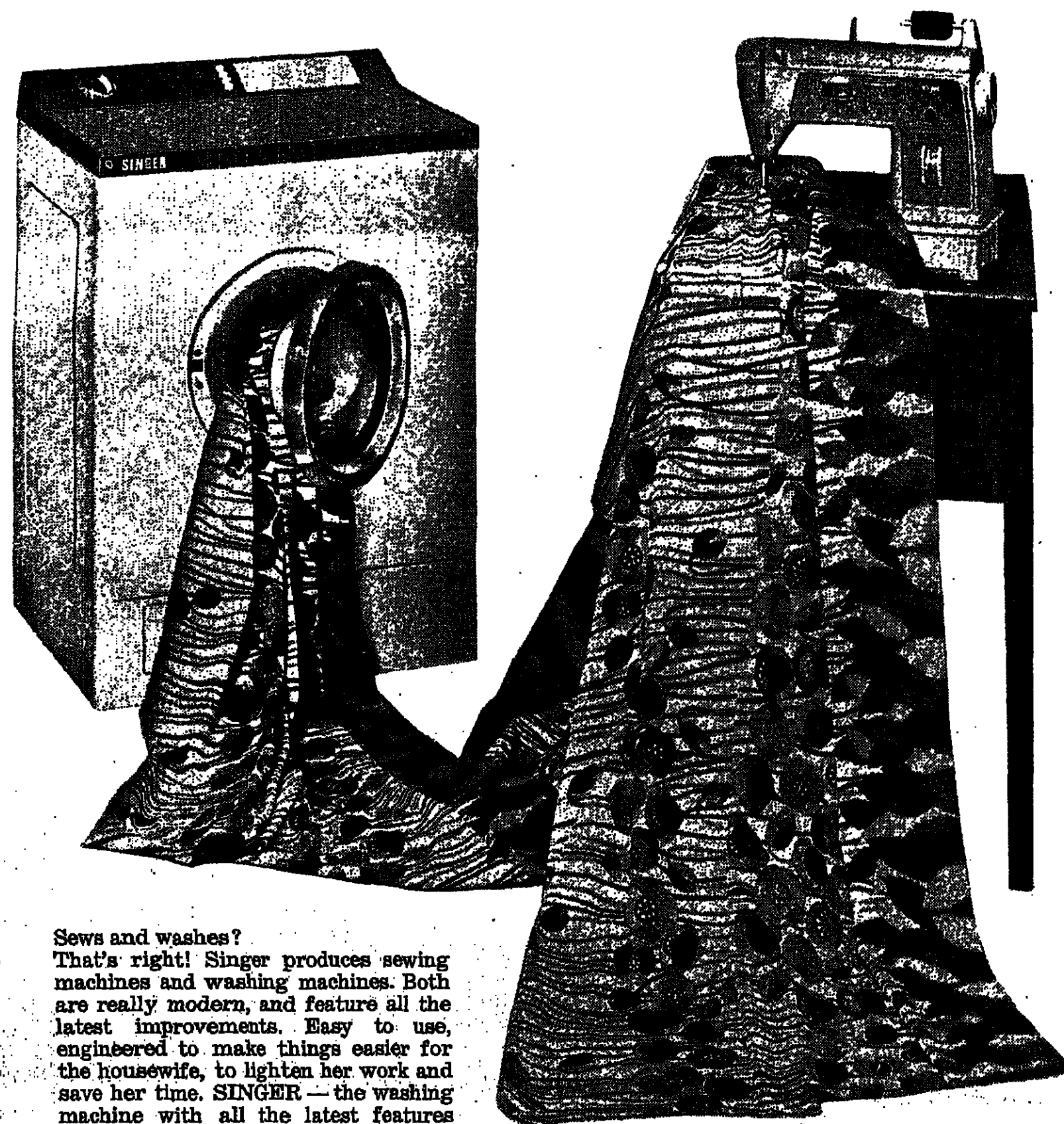


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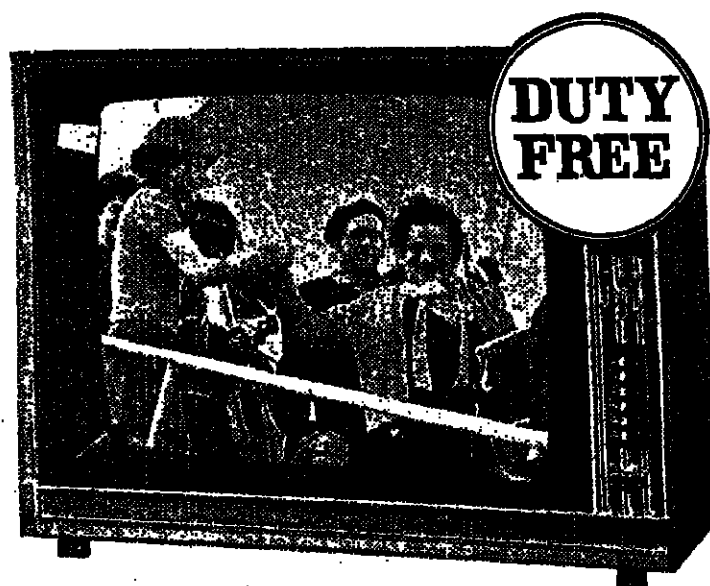
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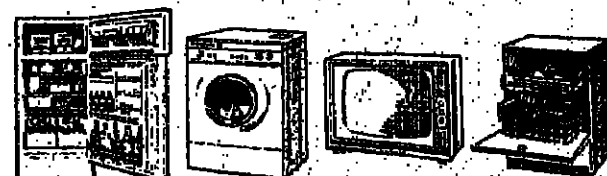
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PAGE TWO

Part

Crossword. George Levinson
8 Bridge column.

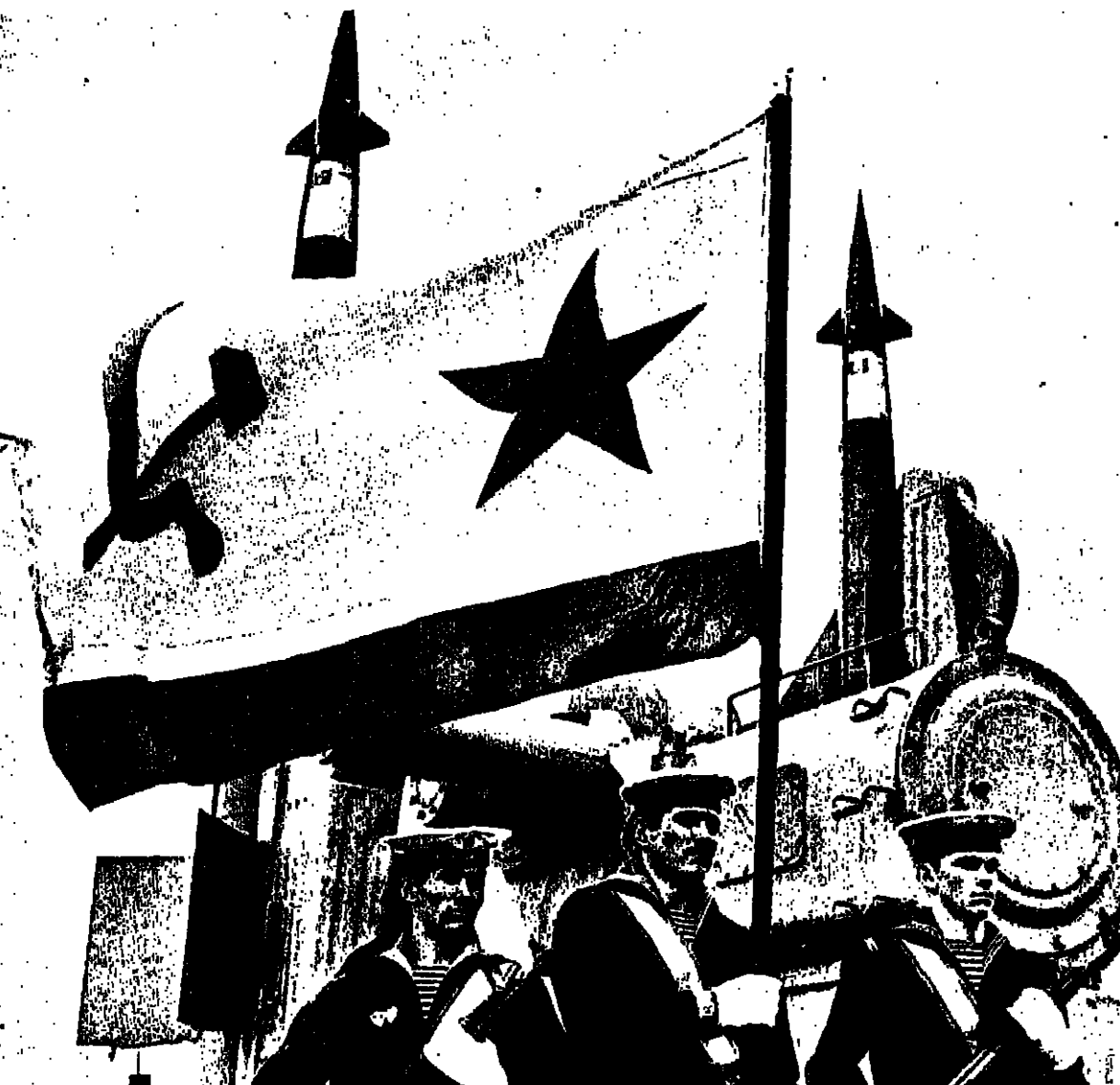
Cover picture: A wounded Israeli war prisoner, just returned from Egypt, is helped into an ambulance at Lod airport by two of his buddies wearing an identifying flower tag. (David Rubinger)

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Beer Sheva: Uniko Passage

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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Given these new and complicated circumstances created by the war, Israel may soon have to face-up to the question that has been asked since 1987 - what does it want?

Before October 6, the Americans were asking Israel to adopt a position that could unlock some kind of bargaining process — proxy — America being the proxy. Israel declined, and successfully because it sought to bargain with the Arabs, not Washington.

Now war has itself unlocked the process. Dr. Kissinger will intent on keeping it moving, for Israel will therefore be pressed to furnish answers to the question of security which do not depend solely on the concept of territoriality, but which, at the same time, do not mortgage its safety to the shifting interests of other powers.

In theory, this is also an American interest, but it is preeminently Israel's interest. A Israel must not, by default permit the U.S. to determine what the

PAGE THREE

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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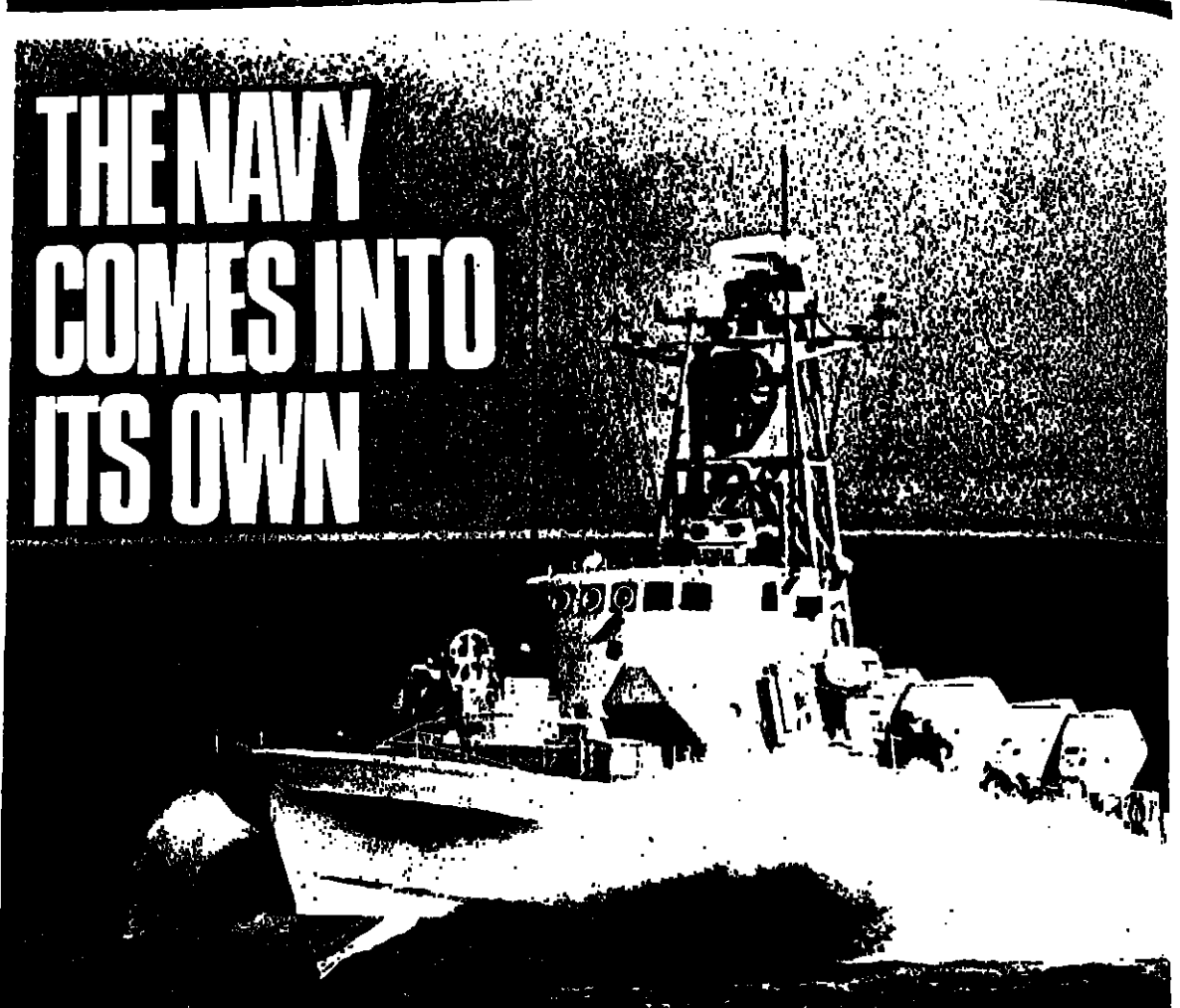
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Ze'ev Schul

THE MOST SPECTACULAR achievement of the Israel Navy during this war may well have been to quote its commanding officer, Aluf Binyamin Telem, "the things that didn't happen." One example of this was the quiet that prevailed along the highly vulnerable coastline, with its many tempting targets of large concentrations of population, power stations and oil installations.

Another was the routine arrival of some 80 freighters and passenger ships, pursuing their normal business, docking, discharging and loading cargoes and taking off again for all corners of the world. All this from a mere two Mediterranean port outlets which might have offered tempting targets for the Egyptian's formidable 16-strong submarine fleet. (And who would have been able to tell the difference between an Egyptian and a Soviet "W" class sub, both submerged? There are many of the latter in the area.)

Aluf Telem's explanation: "Nothing happened because our navy was there." Also, because by war's end there was nothing left of the Syrian missile fleet — Styx sea-to-sea missile carriers of the Komar and Osa class, which, except for the Nanuchka missile corvettes, which have also just made their debut in this part of the world, are still the last word in Russian missile-boat design.

Moreover, the Egyptians had lost three Osa's from the safety of their harbours during the night of October 13. They and the Syrians had both lost a number of other vessels, including minesweepers, motor torpedo boats and a variety of auxiliary naval craft ranging from armed tugs to ammunition carriers, caught in the Red Sea and the Gulf of Suez as well as along the Mediterranean coastline.

On top of this, the fledgling Israel missile boat missile Syrian tank farms (Latakia, Tartus) and other coastal installations, as well as the entire length of the Nile Delta, venturing as far west as the Libyan frontier.

Even a superficial comparison of the odds makes it clear that the combined enemy fleet ought to have been able to account for Israel's navy without much difficulty. Foreign reports say that the Egyptians had 18 submarines, six destroyers and at least 25 missile boats — not to mention 40 motor torpedo boats and an assorted collection of other floating hardware — while the Syrians had at least nine missile boats, 17 MTBs and a collection of sundries.

The Israel navy line-up according to "Paris Match," amounted to three subs, nine torpedo and nine patrol vessels plus auxiliaries and, spearheading its surface fleet, the 12 Cherbourg-built Saar class missile boats, each carrying eight Gabriel missiles plus one 40-mm. cannon. These had been augmented more recently by the two locally-built Reshef (flash) class vessels of 260-ton displacement — also carrying eight Gabriel missiles and two cannons — one on the after deck and an additional automatic cannon on the rear dock.

While the Cherbourg boats were delivered in the famous escapade of Winter 1970, the Israel navy was still the Achilles heel of the IDF. The first squadrons of the new boats became fully operational, but even then they were still very much untried.

THIS WAS, after all, a new conception. There was no experience, no books of reference, let alone instructors to turn to for guidance. The boats had been planned in accordance with almost Utopian conceptions and the specifications themselves were a maze of paradoxes and contradictions. They were to be both sophisticated and cheap, elaborate in their technical design but simple to produce (so that Israeli shipyards could take over construction of future series). They were to be small, but ocean-going and have all-weather capability; and in spite of their size, they must be able to match anything up to and including a destroyer. They were to be fast (and 42 knots top speed is very fast) but have a long ocean-going endurance — as the one refusing stop on the way from Cherbourg proved them to possess.

There was a lot more of this, shake their heads could only shake their heads. The problem of the Gabriel missile, with a 20 km. range and a more than 80 per cent on-target rating.

Finally, there was the problem of training the crews, an entirely different type from any the navy had ever known. Sailors who played chess in their spare time and were experts in electronics, computers and instrumentation in addition to being able-bodied seamen.

WHAT BOTHERED the navy brass most was that the combination had never been tried out before under "live" conditions. True, there had been innumerable dry runs, sealed down exercises and now and then some minor supporting action. But no missile versus missile action.

The popular idea had always been that as in textbook wars, the first to draw — in this case the missile — would be a failure. This turned out to be a fallacy: the better missile and boat and crew combination would win — and it did.

The Israeli crews learned to watch the fireball Styx flash towards them and explode harmlessly (one was claimed by a dead-eye cook who doubled as a point five machine-gunner). But the morning of October 7, the second day of the war, the navy command knew that it was going to be thumbs up.

Even at this early stage, naval experts the world over are following the exploits of the Israel navy with interest.

It appears to have done away with the premature conception that the days of surface vessels, other than nuclear-powered aircraft or helicopters, were numbered and to have shown that even small countries can afford to have punchy if modest navies capable of standing up to vessels many times their size.

The speed of the Saar and the locally built Reshef class and their versatility (missile mounts can be replaced by anti-aircraft gun turrets or anti-submarine equipment) also make them excellent submarine hunters, useful as convoy escorts (in which capacity some of them are probably serving right now) and — certainly not least — as floating artillery supports for combined assault operations.

In the long run, the Reshef combination will probably benefit the national economy no less in times of peace than it did in times of war.

AT THE PRESENT time we are beset by three or four or more problems of different natures. In a kind of rough chronological order they are the error of judgement that caused all the army experts to believe that the Egyptians were engaged in one more large-scale exercise — as all but a few Egyptian officers also thought — and therefore not to call up the reserves before Yom Kippur; apparent failures of communication and organization on the first day of the war that — according to soldiers' reports — caused some of them to receive late warning of the impending attack which, if they prove correct, could involve incompetence or negligence on the part of individuals; the sudden unprecedented spate of criticism and accusations by senior military officers against each other or the general staff and the airing of these grievances, including uncensored interviews, in the press while the fighting was still in progress (this demoralized the home front, where it is, at least, very easy to pinpoint blame, whatever the merits of the complaints themselves); and the signing with Egypt of the six-point cease-fire agreement as designed by U.S. Secretary of State Kissinger, when the army was evidently on the verge of a major victory. Evidently, because when the Egyptians failed to observe the cease-fire and shooting continued, the Israel force that had crossed the Suez Canal lost no time in closing the gap through which the Egyptian Third Army might have maintained contact with its base and supplies and it was completely surrounded and cut off.

It is a fair guess that a great majority of Israelis approve the early acceptance of the cease-fire. Mrs. Meir and her advisers judged that there was a danger of Soviet intervention if we did not agree to the cease-fire, which would also not only end the fighting but create a prospect for the early return of the prisoners. Now that the exchange of prisoners with Egypt is actually under way and the first men have returned, this point has become doubly convincing.

The Egyptians are also exhibiting a sudden desire for peace talks, something we have unsuccessfully sought for years. It may well be, as some U.S. publications have suggested, that this is only because Dr. Kissinger or one of his minions have privately promised President Sadat that we will be dislodged from Sinai "within a year." We have been promised things too. At the moment we are still on the far side of the Canal, and it will be up to us to see to it that we make a fair deal, a good deal, a secure deal with the Egyptians. As Mrs. Meir said in the Knesset on Tuesday evening, we are going to have a tough time. If those peace talks materialize we had better send the toughest negotiator we have, no orator, nobody concerned with what the world will think of us, strictly a realist.

Parliamentary Report By Lea Ben Dor

PROBLEMS Without Answers



THESE PROBLEMS are all patently different. The first involves error by a group of people who were probably alert, concerned, wholly on the job, but who guessed wrong, and the second, even if we are entitled to suspect that a government of Mr. Begin's would have made the same decision in the same circumstances.

In her opening speech, Mrs. Meir concentrated on the question of the cease-fire, and in general kept to the crucial questions of the immediate future. Mr. Begin, public eye, and the public will have a chance of expressing their views on them in the elections. The cease-fire accepted by Mrs. Meir's government is a legitimate cause of protest by the opposition, even if we are entitled to suspect that a government of Mr. Begin's would have made the same decision in the same circumstances.

In her opening speech, Mrs. Meir concentrated on the question of the cease-fire, and in general kept to the crucial questions of the immediate future. Mr. Begin,

just as naturally, concentrated on the failure of the government to realize that this time the Egyptians were going to launch a war. Over the past few years we have come to look upon ourselves as infallible, or at least to suppose that our intelligence can't be wrong, and we have been rudely reminded that in fact nobody is infallible. Chief of Staff Eliazar has admitted that this cost us many precious, irreplaceable lives, a loss that can in no way be repaired. Mr. Begin harped on this at length, and there must have been thousands up and down the country who applauded his accusations wholeheartedly, and not only those who lost a man in this war.

If we had a normal two-party system, with an opposition with roughly the same experience in government as the present team, one could imagine resignations and a change. But although Mr. Begin ordered Mrs. Meir to go to the President in the morning and resign, he did not exactly offer to take over himself. He declared that this Government has no moral right to go to peace talks and make decisions that will be crucial for the future of this country. In this view he has a good deal of justification, because nominally the term of this Government ran out at the end of last month, when the elections were due. The new date is only six weeks off, and if the record of the past 25 years is anything to go by, will result in roughly the same Government coalition again, give or take a few seats.

Even so, a wall-to-wall coalition will be needed for any binding agreement at a peace conference. An opposition of even a third of the Knesset would cast too many doubts on an agreement, and leave too much turmoil on the home front. If borders are to be decided, they must be accepted by all but a small minority. To achieve all this there is no need or occasion for the Government to resign. The elections are due in any case, and Mr. Begin knows it. Somewhere in his speech he crossed the border between honest criticism of a tragic error to calculated electioneering. It may be that any other party leader would have done the same in his place, but in the end he was exploiting our losses.

WHEN MRS. MEIR wound up the debate she was still talking mainly about the future, and who would blame her? She also said emphatically that, within ten minutes of being informed "by those authorized to do so" of the likelihood of war, early on Yom Kippur morning, she had approved the calling up of the reserves. She apparently intended by this to counter the earlier claim by Begin that while the army had been prepared for war, the Government had delayed. Mr. Begin and other Likud speakers tried to turn this into accusations against the Defence Ministers as having been slow in arriving at the decision, but they were only fishing for signs of trouble. She, like other cabinet ministers, had heard of earlier suspicions, and the reasons for not supposing they spelt immediate war. The Egyptian success in making their war preparations look like autumn manoeuvres will haunt her, as Begin said, as they haunt the rest of us, but without his desire to make political or personal capital out of them.

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Hebrew printing in Eretz Yisrael

OMANUT HADFUS (The Art of Printing: Four Centuries of Printing in Eretz Yisrael) by Yosef Orlitzky. Safad, Museum of Printing Art, and Hadera, American Israeli Paper Mills. 408 pp. Illustrated.

Alexander Zvielli

THIS IS a typical Israeli book; full of pride of achievement, with a running commentary on the development of the country as seen through the eyes of a printer, full of sentiment, and therefore not always objective.

The first printing press in Eretz Yisrael is presumed to be the one founded in Safad just about 400 years ago by Rabbi Eliezer Ben-Yitzhak Ashkenazi. He had learned his trade in Lublin, Poland, where a Jewish printing shop operated under a licence from King August II. August, a Catholic, was a liberal ruler, and the printers of Lublin were protected by him against the long arm of the Inquisition.

THERE WERE many Jewish printing houses in Europe at the time, most of them in Italy and Turkey. The Jewish bookstalls published were mostly sacred and scholarly books, and by their very appearance and existence they defied the public burning of Jewish books. The printers of the time rightly contended that the printed message could help to sustain the spirit of the Jews suffering under the Inquisition and other oppression, and Rabbi Eliezer hoped that such a message printed in and sent abroad from the Holy Land would be all the more inspirational. Taking some equipment from Lublin and Prague, he set out on the long and dangerous journey to Eretz Yisrael.

In Safad Rabbi Eliezer must have found rather an interesting company to work among and with: exiles

Page from a commentary on the Song of Songs, Safad, 1577



Page from a commentary on the Song of Songs, Safad, 1577

Page from a commentary on the Song of Songs, Safad, 1577

from Spain and Portugal; Jews who had been taken captive by Tatars in the Ukraine and then ransomed by their Turkish brethren; fugitives from the tribunal of the Inquisition — all living in the high cost of this, combined with the high cost of paper, greedy Turkish officials, unfair taxes, frequent plagues, the competition of the Venetian, Salonican and Constantinople printing houses and — last but not least — the resentment with which the venerable Safad sages met the innovation all combined to ruin Rabbi Eliezer's enterprise. It is interesting to note that whereas printing spread through the Catholic world like wildfire, the Jewish sages remained reserved for a long time, and to this day some Jewish books are not ritually valid unless written by hand (the Torah, the Book of Esther, and also the little scrolls in Mexico and Terrellin).

The printing plant closed down, to be reopened at a later date. Some 200 years later, apparently, there were other printing presses in Safad, operated by the recently arrived Polish Hassidim until an earthquake, and a rebellion of the Arab peasants, who burned and pillaged Jewish Safad, put an end to Jewish printing activities there.

THEN, APPARENTLY, the centre of Jewish printing moved to Jerusalem where, in the latter part of the 18th century, Sir Moses Montefiore offered a brand new British-made printing press to the sole existing printing shop, belonging to Rabbi Israel Bak, who had also operated a press in Safad. This 1841 model, the biggest and the most modern at the time in the Middle East, became, like Sir Moses' windmill, a symbol of Jewish rebirth in the homeland.

But it is only at the turn of the present century, with the growth of the Zionist presence here, that a new era began. The Jewish printers fought hard to introduce new techniques into a backward environment, but it was the young Zionist activists who made the first attempt to break the medieval structure of the typical Jerusalem printing shop. Ashaf Ben-Zvi, who was to be Israel's second President,

and his wife, Rachel, became the first leaders of a trade-union movement which set out to organize the printing workers and to protect them from their employers. The printing-press owners, backed by leaders of the Old Yishuv, refused to budge from their established positions, and the first strike, in 1900, ended in total disaster for the workers. But gradually the owners had to grant the workers increasing concessions, and many good printers went to Jaffa. There is little doubt that the eventual powerful growth of the printing industry in Tel Aviv is linked to these early days, when those leaders of the Old Yishuv in Jerusalem resisted the new methods and ideas brought by the Zionist halutzim.

Organized labour in the printing trade eventually emerged as a powerful and independent force, and became the source of strength and an example for other trades. The colourful history of printing in Eretz Yisrael in the present century is largely similar to that of Jewish centres elsewhere. The printing shop usually became a cultural and information centre, a meeting place of journalists and writers.

The Holocaust eliminated all significant Jewish printing in Eastern Europe, and assimilation has taken its toll of Jewish presses elsewhere in the Diaspora. In this country, the industry has taken tremendous strides forward — in both quantity and quality — since the establishment of the State.

THE BOOK under review contains a wealth of detail on Israeli printing and printing establishments and a richly illustrated. Unfortunately, however, it contains too many errors (e.g. The Jerusalem Post which began as "The Palestine Post" in 1932, is reported as having been founded in 1925). More space could be devoted to the printers who fell in the War of Liberation and in the Battle for Jerusalem. Finally, the reproduction of many of the illustrations — coloured and black-and-white — leaves much to be desired, especially in a book purporting to tell the history of the art of printing; graphically, the book is not a historic event.

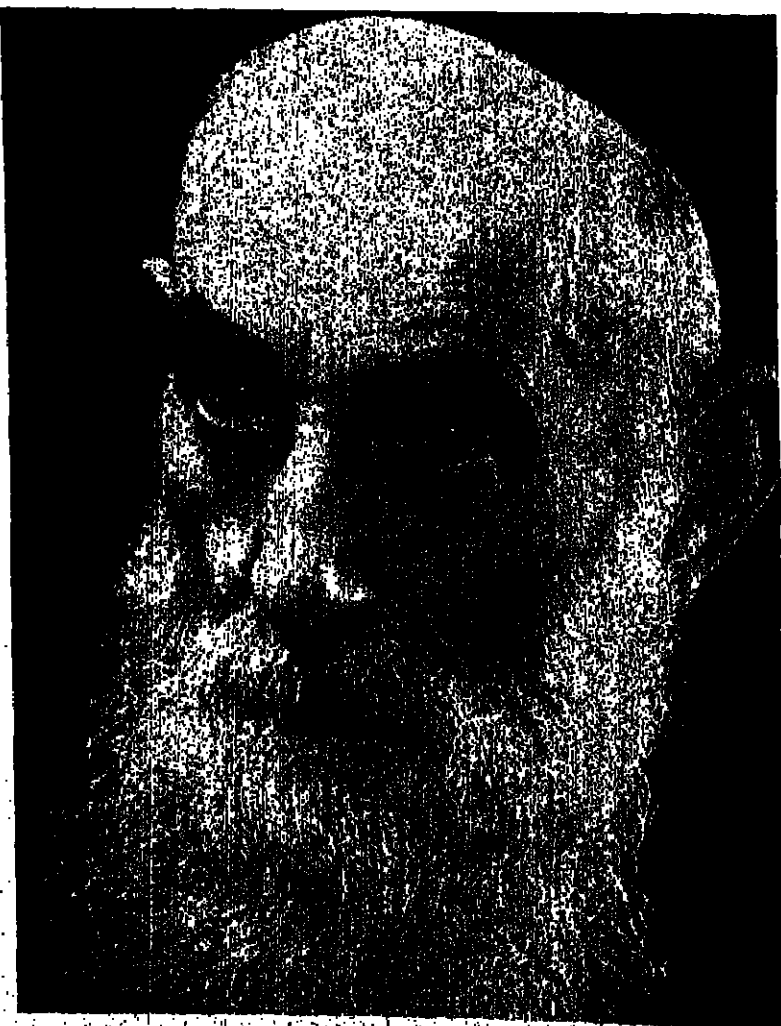
most interesting document preserved and reproduced in the book is a so-called *Judenrechtbrief* dated November 5th, 1760, granting the Jew Joseph Zacharias, Rabbi de Vries' great-grandfather, the right to settle in the village of Elbergen, against a yearly payment of six florins. Like most Dutch Jews, the family lived peacefully in their adopted fatherland, but even so Rabbi de Vries could remember occasions when he had to use his fists against the village boys to defend his "otherness." It was an otherness that would stay with Rabbi de Vries all his life and make him the proud, deeply conscious, deeply religious Jew he was.

When the boy Simon was 18 he was sent to Amsterdam to study at the rabbinical seminary headed by the famous and adored "Master," Dr. Dunner.

In Amsterdam, we are again struck by a familiar note: the *tagessamen* — that peculiarly Jewish institution (known in Eastern Europe as *kust*) whereby a poor *yeshiva* booker from the provinces was invited to eat a free hot meal a day at the dinner-tables of well-to-do Jewish burghers — a different table each day and a recurring torment for the shy, awkward village-boy.

Eventually the boy was ordained, and in 1892 we see him become the young rabbi of the Jewish community of Haarlem, where he remained till his retirement in 1940. A major chapter in the book is naturally devoted to Rabbi de Vries' work among his community. It was the Rabbi who was considered the true leader of his community: preacher, lecturer and Hebrew teacher, supervisor of *kashrut*, youth guide, and social worker — the last including regular visits to the Jewish inmates of hospitals and prisons. Rabbi de

Miriam Arad, who usually surveys Hebrew literature in these pages, was born and spent the first years of her life in Holland.



RABBI SIMON PHILIP DE VRIES by Eli Dasberg. Lochem, Holland, De Tijdstroom. 144 pp. and Photographs.

Miriam Arad

THE CUSTOMS, attitudes and temperaments of Eastern and Western European Jewries are generally considered widely different; clashes during the early Zionist Congresses were often ascribed to their different provenances. Reading this biography of Rabbi Simon Philip de Vries, a prominent figure among pre-World War II Dutch Jewry, one is, on the contrary, touched by the similarities. We are, for instance, familiar with the descriptions of lone Jewish families in Russian or Polish villages, the inn-keepers, cattle-traders, roving pedlars clinging to their Judaism, the Sabbath their kingdom apart. As we read the opening pages of this book we realize that there is, after all, not so much of a difference in the life of the lone Jewish family in the Dutch village where Rabbi de Vries was born.

The author traces the beginnings of Dutch Jewry to the late 16th and early 17th Century. Driven to search for a new home and livelihood by persecution, and especially by the laws restricting the number of Jews permitted to settle in certain towns — often it was only the eldest son who was allowed to marry and live in his parents' home-town — many German and East-European Jews drifted westwards. One of the

Nonpersons and the Uncle Jake syndrome

JEWISH RADICALISM: A Selected Anthology. Edited by Jack Nusan Porter and Peter Dreier. N.Y., Grove Press. 380 + liv pp. \$7.95

Geoffrey Wigoder

THIS EXCELLENT anthology is about contemporary Jewish radicalism — and not about Jews who are radicals. For various reasons, modern radicalism has attracted Jews in extremely large proportions. Many Jews were active in different forms of protest — often within a Jewish framework (e.g. the Bund, Socialist Zionism, Jewish trade unionism), but also within the general Left-wing movement.

After World War II there were signs of a retreat, and an essay written as late as 1961 lamented the dearth of young Jews in radicalism in the U.S. But almost overnight the situation changed, and the extremity of expression — especially against the Jewish Establishment — was a massive shock to the older generation. Glib explanations were offered ("self-hate") has become a familiar slogan too easily trotted out under these circumstances, but there were also some thoughtful analyses and heart-searchings. Much was heard about Jews who were active in the New-Left whose overall anti-establishmentarianism encompassed also the Jewish Establishment and whose identification with the "Third World" often led them to a virulent anti-Zionist and anti-Israel stance.

IT WAS TOWARDS the end of the 1960s that the counterphenomenon of Jewish Radicalism crystallised around young Jews who sought to synthesise their racial and Jewish identities. Various developments turned these young Jews away from general radicalism — the disintegration of the New Left, the disillusionment with the civil rights movement following the revelation of the exclusivist nature of the Black Power attitude; the ebbing of the Vietnam War and the accompanying protest movement; the setting-in of a general sense of lack of purpose and direction — combined with the depth of Jewish roots uncovered by the reaction to the Six Day War. The White protest movement disintegrated into a multitude of groups doing their own thing — occult religions and mysticism, drug culture, Gay Lib, Women's Lib — and Jewish Radicalism emerged as one such "thing."

Ironically, the Jewish Establishment welcomed this development, even though it was itself very much the target of the Jewish radicals. But there was relief that the base of revolt had remained within a Jewish context. The real extent of this Jewish participation in the New Left — and in both instances the numbers of young Jews actively involved compared with the total Jewish youth population is probably low. But in either case, the potential significance is considerable in that the vast majority of young Jews are characterized by apathy and indifference so that the question was which tail would wag the dog.

THE LARGE NUMBER of publications of the Jewish Radicals have been drawn upon in this book, which contains a wide-ranging selection of stimulating and provocative articles. They are of a high standard ranging from the early fables (such as M.J. Rosenberg's famous 1969 article in the "Village Voice" where he criticized the fashion for Jews in liberal circles to scoff at anything that smacked of Judaism and commented that "the Leftist Jewish student is today's Uncle Tom" — ashamed of his identity yet obsessed with it) to the practical issues taken up, such as the struggle for Soviet Jewry and the inferior position of the woman in Judaism. It is misleading to call Jewish Radical-



Nahman Syrkin and Ber Borochov: "Be a Zionist in the revolution and a revolutionary in Zion."

ism a "movement": there is no common platform and the multiplicity of small, journalistic evidence, a plethora of groups striving vaguely in the same direction but each taking its own road.

The political foci were Israel, Soviet Jewry, opposition to the Jewish Establishment and the issue of oppression of Jews in America. There is a general dissatisfaction with the values represented by parents, but this is expressed more in the form of apocalyptic enthusiasm than in any systematic (e.g. Marxist) programme for reforming the situation. The reaction is empirical and is expressed most strongly by what turns the Radical off:

- Item: The entanglement of the Jewish community with America's power structure and the position of the Jewish community as part of the American Establishment;
 - Item: The obsequiousness of the Jewish Establishment, leading to the surrender of Jewish cultural values, ethnic solidarity, and self-dignity (known as the Uncle Jake syndrome);
 - Item: The nature of Jewish communal leadership represented by philanthropists and professional bureaucrats, and of Jewish communal programming angled to fundraising and the combating of anti-Semitism;
 - Item: The neglect of Jewish education and its inadequate content;
 - Item: The smugness of upper middle class family life in which the occasional lip service to Jewish values is seen as hypocritical (and the emotional attitude to Israel is also suspect);
 - Item: The devotion to the cult of success and "making it."
- One of the most impressive essays in this book is on "The Oppression of America's Jews" written by Aviva Cantor Zuckoff. Oppression, she says, is powerlessness — being forced into a situation in which you do not determine your destiny. She castigates the mentality of the minority, the constant looking to goyim for approval and the nauseating gratitude for elemental decency. "It is obscene," she writes, "that we should award goyim for saving Jewish lives in World War II."



The ruling elites, she continues, have invented the Assimilation Game for keeping Jews down: this fraud keeps Jews apart and therefore keeps them down. This involves programing to ethnic amnesia and American Jewry has fallen into the trap, accepting their myths (e.g. "Judeo-Christian civilization") as valid. Her conclusion is that Diaspora Jews become nonpersons and that "while the prison door of America is open, we sit in our cell." The revolutionary solution is that of the homeland — Israel. (One wonders if she is yet living here, after threat-

enings to do so in a number of publications over the last five years.)

NOT ALL THE Jewish radicals reach that conclusion. There are those who strongly affirm the Diaspora, arguing that the very existence of Israel as a state like other states makes a Diaspora ideology tenable. "The Diaspora is no longer necessary; therefore it is no longer an evil" is one argument put forward. But generally, the Jewish radicals are Israel-centred. Their Jewish roots are derived from two main sources — the ethical

and universalistic content of Judaism and Socialist Zionism. The Zionist Radicals arose largely as a protest against the anti-Israelism of the New Left. The Radical Zionist Alliance was founded in 1970. Its numbers are small — it has 700 members on 75 campuses — and many of its leaders have moved to Israel. It defines its enemies as "power structure elements, while anti-Semites, Black militants, Russia, Arabs, the situation of the Arab refugees, the current trends in Israel society, Jewish millionaires and court Jews, immorality and ostentation. Jewish paranoia and cowardice." Its pantheon consists of Ber Borochov and Nahman Syrkin and its motto is: "Be a Zionist in the revolution and a revolutionary in Zion." It loathes chagobork Zionism which tarnishes its own image of Zionism as a national liberation movement — the starting points for its attacks on the student left and Arab propaganda.

The radicals reject the current Jewish lifestyle in the U.S. but not Judaism and Jewish culture. They have come up with practical experimentation, such as the *havuro* and their own form of Hassidism. There are mystics and Yiddishists and even admirers of the Satmarer Rebbe. The groups constitute an amorphous collection but they have one thing in common: they are seeking something in their Jewish roots to hold on to, some of them coming there after disillusionment with their search in other directions, others coming directly from an enlightened Orthodox background.

The impact of Jewish Radicalism on the American community has been salutary. Although it is a marginal phenomenon, it has sent out vibrations and stirred up still waters. I would expect that it has been strengthened by the reactions to the Yom Kippur War. And it must be seen in long-term perspective. Even if some of its manifestations appear immature, what is important is the emergence of groups of young Jews who care and who are seeking to relate their Jewishness to the world of today. Their distaste for humbug is refreshing and parallels that of their Israeli peers. "Creative Jewing" is their own pungent term — and it is one of the most hopeful concepts to emerge in the post-Holocaust Jewish world. And in how many books on Radicalism would the editors and their preface: "Finally we express our appreciation to our parents: this book is a gift of *naches* and joy."

READERS' LITERARY LETTERS

I.Q., Meinertzhagen and the Maccabees

To The Jerusalem Post Literary Editor Sir, — Perhaps a few additional comments on Dr. Aaron Ehrlich's review of Arthur Jensen's book, "Genetics and Education" (your issue of Sept. 21), and the critical remarks thereon by Prof. Frances Degen Horowitz (your issue of Nov. 2), are in order.

As Prof. Horowitz so cogently noted, the validity of the evidence presented by Dr. Jensen was not considered in the initial review, which could be interpreted as meaning that the evidence was sound although Dr. Ehrlich protested against the use or misuse of such findings. The controversy, to him, was merely a matter of "tensions and conflicts which evolve in our culture between science and society, between knowledge and ethics."

One cannot sweep the problem under the rug even with the best of intentions. Thus, an advertisement of the Batachev de Rothschild Fund of its competition for the three best popular scientific articles includes, as one of the permissible subjects, "The controversy on the inheritance of learning capability."

The issue is a live one in Israel, as elsewhere, and the question of the reliability of the evidence, in this case primarily of a statistical nature, is plainly of paramount importance. And it is precisely the lack of evidence and methodology used by Prof. Jensen that have been seriously questioned by competent authorities (e.g. "On the Causes of I.Q. Differences Between Groups and Implications for Social Policy," by Peggy R. Sanday, "Human Organization," vol. 31 no. 4 1972; "Race and the I.Q. The Genetic Background," by Walter F. Bodmer, in "Race, Culture and Intelligence," edited by Ken Richardson and David Spears, Penguin Books, 1978).

The subject only too often has been "pushed" in pursuit of intellectual snobbery at best or sheer racism at its worst.

M.S. GOLDSTEIN Ph.D.

To The Jerusalem Post Literary Editor Sir, — I read with interest the review, "A lifelong involvement with Zion" (your issue of August 31). You may be interested to know that Dr. Reuven Hecht of Dagon, Haifa, has published excerpts from Colonel Meinertzhagen's "Middle East Diary 1917-1956" in English, Jerusalem.

Ramat Gan
To The Jerusalem Post Literary Editor Sir, — Moshe Kohn's review of Moshe Sherwin's "The Maccabees" has helped me to see Israel's present situation in a wider, clearer perspective.
BEN D. KLUWER Jerusalem.

Brave new volunteer?

Catherine Rosenheimer

"WE FEEL they are of a far better calibre than the majority of those who came in 1967 — then, many were butterfly types or would-be heroes come to fight a war," says a member of Kibbutz Zikkim.

"The organization this time seems far better," according to the administrative manager of Bet Nir. "When we decided at the end of last month to ask for ten volunteers from the Jewish Agency, they were here within ten hours, fresh off the plane from London."

"What has been happening," explains Ruth Lev of the Jewish Agency's Youth and Hehalutz Department, "is that we are — happily — feeling the results of a new policy in handling volunteers. In 1967, everything went so fast there was no time to think about organization. Within days of the Six Day War, hundreds of volunteers were flooding the country — too many, and a lot of them the wrong types."

"This time, our offices abroad are working on the principle that it's wiser to bring over fewer volunteers, but ones who correspond exactly to requests from kibbutzim. And before leaving for Israel, every single volunteer has undergone a thorough investigation by means of questionnaires, medical check-up and a long interview with a trained psychologist or social worker. The result is that we're getting wonderful reports on the volunteers from the kibbutzim."

More than 2,000 of this type of "Brave New Volunteer" have arrived in Israel so far. They come from the U.S., England, France, Argentina, Holland and many other countries.

That both sides involved — the kibbutzim and the volunteers — should be satisfied is, of course,

all-important. Among the latter there are undoubtedly many who could, if treated the right way, prove to be an important source of aliya.

"Though that is something we don't want to force on them in any way," stressed Moshe Dubinsky, the British Zionist Federation representative who took me to visit three kibbutzim that have taken volunteer groups from England (not all of them British; some just happened to be there when the war broke out). "As far as our organization is concerned, we are here to help them in any way we can, to keep track of their welfare and whereabouts and to tele message to their families if necessary. This is in addition to routine loans, mortgages and assistance with jobs."

All the volunteers pay their own fares and commit themselves to a stay of 4-6 months. All those coming through official Jewish Agency channels go straight to kibbutzim where there is work and accommodation for them. It is only the "freelancers" — those who turn up individually, independently — who may be experiencing difficulties in finding a job to do or a place where they are wanted.

In so far as one can generalize, there seemed to be two distinct types among the volunteers: those who had come in response to an emergency situation to help out as long as they were needed and then return to their regular homes and jobs; and those with deeper ties to Israel, who had already been thinking about the possibility of settling here. Although none of the volunteers we talked to had known each other at all before they met in London, it did seem as though the people at Rex House, head-

quarters of the Jewish Agency in London, had made an intelligent attempt to form them into compatible groups.

OUR FIRST STOP was Zikkim, where 11 volunteers had been sent to help out while 37 of the kibbutz's 66 men were in the army. There seemed to be plenty of goodwill on the part of the kibbutz, concern that the volunteers might be dissatisfied with the hurriedly organized, makeshift accommodation available, promises of improvements as quickly as possible in the form of new mattresses (the kibbutz manufactures them), individual transistors, and some kind of entertainment and social facilities.

This is a group of relatively older volunteers, many of them in their late twenties and early thirties.

There was none of the wide-eyed, boundless enthusiasm of teenage idealists here but, on the whole, a realistic appraisal of the situation, a down-to-earth approach to the matter of volunteering. There is just one girl in the group, Sue Rich, from a Jewish property firm in London, whom we found cheerfully trying rissoles in the kitchen.

"When I told my boss I wanted to come he shook my hand, gave me indefinite leave and wished me the best of luck. The work here? It's fine, a wonderful break from office routine."

Raffi Karel, of BBC Television, found himself with five months free between productions when already been thinking about the possibility of settling here. Although none of the volunteers we talked to had known each other at all before they met in London, it did seem as though the people at Rex House, head-

quitting but I'm not complaining — I'll carry on washing floors as long as I feel I'm being useful. The trouble with many of the group is that although they were originally motivated by the volunteer spirit, their attitudes went wrong once they saw what day-to-day life on a kibbutz is really like. Some of the group feel they are demeaned by working at mundane jobs; they forget that the basic idea was to fill in for people who couldn't carry on with their regular work."

Down in the cowsheds, we met two of the most cheerful members of the group — Peter Davis, normally in the garment trade, up to his knees in mud, and Brian Myers, a catering sales manager, struggling with corrugated iron sheets up on the roof. Neither has been in Israel before.

"Just never got round to it till now," explained Peter. "The only problem is the change of climate, but I'm enjoying every minute, prepared to do anything, only wish I could do more. I'll certainly stay six months — after that, I'm not making any plans."

Brian admitted to being pleasantly surprised, because he expected a far more hostile attitude to outsiders, and couldn't get over the fact that there were no shells flying overhead. "Seriously, I'm very tempted indeed to stay for good," he added.

Michael Davis, an Australian high-school teacher, did not share some of the complaints at the lack of social life. "Couldn't be happier — nothing lacking, I've plenty of books and company. I shall almost certainly stay."

AT Kfar Aza, we found a smaller group of seven, one girl and six healthy young lads, mostly members of Jewish youth movements, many with a good command of Hebrew and already thoroughly integrated into a kibbutz where the average age is close to their own.

Claude Mammon, a 24-year-old antique dealer, proclaimed proudly, "We are the future young generation of Israel. A member of Betar, Claude described how, a few days before coming to Israel, he and two friends had thrown the Israeli flag down from the



Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons and been arrested as a result. "Just as well we're here or worse might have happened in the light of British policy."

Other members of this group ranged from a clerk in an estate agency and a salesman with a menswear company to a student reading for a doctorate in European literature. "Kafka was a wall," said Jonathan Wilson cheerfully. The work — irrigation, in chicken coops and on cotton machines — was tough, with long hours and night shifts, but they all agreed, very worth while.

THE NINE-STRONG group at Bet Nir was another young one, a better balance of the sexes, with three girls, and perhaps, in their quiet moderate way, the happiest of all three groups.

"Just tell the Arabs to bomb the chicken coops before this is all over," was the joking comment in reply to a question, "Any complaints?" The boys, among them a London caddy, a metal broker and a Stock Exchange clerk, had been up to their ears in chicken feathers since their arrival; the girls had been picking oranges, and would also be helping out in the children's houses in this small kibbutz, where the mobilization of 30 of its 45 working men was being felt particularly acutely.

Sitting on the lawn at Bet Nir, the atmosphere was almost a holiday one, the U.S., Dutch and British volunteer groups forming what they described as "a wonderful community within a community" all getting together, self-sufficient, and making friends on the kibbutz, too."

Bar a few comments on "chaos at Rex House," no one — during the hectic processing of the would-be volunteers (reportedly some 6,000 in London alone) — could think of any complaints whatsoever.

A return visit to these same three kibbutzim in a few months' time, to see how many of the volunteers are still here and to check developments in their attitudes should prove an interesting social study. Meanwhile, all is quiet on the kibbutz volunteer front.

AHARON BAR, a fourth-year student of mechanical engineering at the Haifa Technion, was called up on the night of Yom Kippur and rushed down to the central sector of the Southern front. He and the other three members of his tank crew had served together in the reserves, and knew each other well. They took part in all the great tank battles that raged on their sector that first night and for the next ten days.

"On October 15," Aharon recalls, "we got orders to organize for the crossing of the Canal. Our task was to drive north against the Egyptian forces pressing on the Israeli corridor to the Canal. The idea was to keep the corridor open so that the bridgehead could be established. Right through the night we advanced, slowly, slowly, against fierce resistance. In the morning, fog covered the area. As it dispersed, we found that we were facing huge masses of missile-carrying infantry: our small force had fallen into an ambush."

"We got into a hollow, below a crest. From time to time we tried to get out, but the missile fire against us was too heavy. Then we got an order to attack."

(According to Aluf Arik Sharon's "New York Times" interview, an armoured brigade was sent north in a feint move, while the main force swept past to establish the bridgehead.)

Aharon goes on: "We talked about the order to attack on the intercom, and frankly, we decided that it was suicidal. Despite this, we drove out of the hollow, over the crest, and went forward. After three or four minutes, I felt something I had never felt before in my life. I didn't understand what had happened to me, but I knew it was something very serious. I knew I was badly wounded but didn't know how. The tank was full of gas and I felt I couldn't breathe. I wasn't surprised; I'd been expecting to get hit. I was fully conscious and I didn't feel any particular pain. But I was 99 per cent certain that this was the end and that, I was going to die. All the same, I shouted into the inter-com, 'I'm hit!' But nobody heard, the connection was broken."

"So I decided that I had to get out. Then I found that I'd had my foot hard down on the accelerator all the time and the tank was advancing into the Egyptian ambush. By a conscious effort, I moved my foot. I opened the driver's hatch and got out; only then did I realize that there was empty space below my left knee. I stood on one foot, holding on to the tank."

"The rest of the crew didn't understand what had happened. The missile had penetrated the tank very low, taking off my leg and filling the tank with gas, but they didn't realize how badly we'd been hit. They looked out and saw me standing down below. The commander shouted to me to get back inside and drive on. Then they got out and saw how bad the position was."

"There was no stretcher in the tank: two or three days before, we had been attacked by MIGs, and somebody had been hurt, so our stretcher had been used to evacuate him. The crew was in a state of shock: they said after wards that I was the coolest among them. They dragged me along the ground by my overalls: all the time we were under fire from light arms and artillery."

"I saw that my leg was torn off below the knee and that the lower part was still in the tank. Usually I'm very sensitive about blood and wounds, but the sight of my own leg like that didn't disturb me. I said to myself: 'So I've lost a leg. So what? I'm still alive — as long as there's life, what's so terrible about losing a leg?'"

"I didn't realize then that one piece of shrapnel had entered the bone under my eyebrow, just above the eye, while another piece had made a hole in my chest. The rest of the crew saw blood flowing from these wounds, but

THE FINE ART OF SURVIVAL

Philip Gillon



"Then I was put in a helicopter — I remember thinking that this was the first time I had been in a helicopter. The trip seemed endless. I got to the field hospital, and a wonderful team of doctors took over. It's impossible to describe how marvelous the doctors were — the front line man and the men at the field hospital. Even before I was flown from the field ambulance to Jerusalem, I felt that I was getting back to being a human being again."

Onat produces two plastic bags containing pieces of shrapnel about the size of a silver Israeli pound coin. "War souvenirs," she says.

Now that the first stage of euphoria because he is still alive is passing, what does Aharon think about it all? Does he brood about losing a leg?

"As far as I think I understand myself, I'm not crying over split milk. I know it doesn't help: what's done is done. I'm determined to do the maximum in the future. I'll go back to the Technion and will carry on with my profession. Luckily, I have no internal injuries."

IN THE WARD, they all follow the news on the radio all the time (unfortunately, they have no television, one of the boys points out). What does Aharon think of the latest developments, the talk about mistakes? Does the war of the generals make him feel bitter? Onat pulls a face and urges me to drop politics, but Aharon answers readily:

"Obviously there will have to be a full enquiry into what happened. I'm not the kind who passes judgment before all the facts are investigated and known. But I think that this is not yet the time to start with the wars of the Jews, fighting our internal problems."

"I must say one thing for Arik Sharon. When we heard of the plan to cross the Canal, we thought he was crazy. We were having a hard enough time fighting on the east side. It required great imagination to appreciate that the way to win the war was to get on to the west side. At the time, we were against the idea; now we realize it was quite right."

There are two views about Israel accepting the cease-fire: some people are delighted that the fighting has stopped, others say that Israel was denied the fruits of victory. What does he think?

"These are very difficult questions you're asking. On the one hand, it's very important to prevent anybody being killed or wounded; one unnecessary casualty would be too many. On the other hand, it's clear we would have gained a lot by advancing. There's also the question of the Russians: Arik Sharon says they wouldn't have intervened, but I don't know. Frankly, I don't know what I'd have done — or what I'd do — if I were king."

Was he surprised by the strength of the Egyptian attack, and the quality of the Arab soldiers?

"Yes. Before the war, I never thought the Arabs would attack. The Canal line seemed absolutely safe. I hope they've now got over all their complexes, and can make peace."

Would he give up the areas occupied in 1967 for peace?

"Before the war, I thought we shouldn't give up anything, that doing so would put us in a very weak position. Now there are signs of peace which we never had before. As I said, the Arabs have got back their self-confidence: this may make them more reasonable. If it's clear that giving up most of the areas would help to bring peace, I'd give them up."

"It doesn't depend on us, but on the Arabs and the Russians. But I'm a natural optimist, a super-optimist. Somehow things seem to be different now: maybe we're in sight of peace at last."

Schools and the war

Ernie Meyer

"THE OLDER PEOPLE pay the money for the war; we kids pay with our fathers and brothers who don't return, and with our crying eyes and broken hearts."

That is a sentence from a 13-year-old girl's essay on the war — one of a collection being made by the Beit Hahinukh secondary school in Jerusalem's Kiryat Shmuel for publication in their magazine.

It is still too early to take more than a superficial glance at the attitudes of the country's school-age population to the war, for, as Mr. Shlomo Merzel, principal of the Horev religious girls' high school, said, "The shock of the war hasn't worn off yet, and the pupils and the teachers still haven't got their minds fully on the work."

It is possible, however, to make some sort of summing up of how the authorities dealt with the school-age population during the war.

The guidelines set by Education Minister Yigal Allon right at the outset declared that even in wartime, schools should continue to educate their pupils in the values

of peace, humanism and respect for other nations. It was decided that the educational system should operate fully, remaining flexible enough to allow older pupils to participate in the national effort without hampering their studies.

TEACHERS AND PARENTS generally agree that the school system stood the test and did its job well. Ministry officials and principals are full of praise for the teachers' devotion to duty.

For security reasons, the schools were kept closed for the first two days after Yom Kippur. In a controversial decision, the Ministry decided to cancel the Sussat vacation in an effort to keep children off the streets and to help the many mothers going to work in the absence of their menfolk.

At the behest of industry, the Ministry also instructed all elementary schools to introduce the "long school day." Before the war, this new measure, under which children in development areas are kept in school until 3 p.m., applied to only a minority of schools. Now, it was made to apply to all schools in order to release mothers for work.

The principal of a school in suburban Jerusalem was highly indignant about this decision. "How can they demand that I

keep the children till three o'clock, when I have trouble keeping them till noon or one o'clock, with 11 already been thinking about the war broke out. He has been here many times before, and between mopping floors, wiping tables and clearing dishes, told us that he had come after the Six Day War, too, and joined a border patrol. I suppose that was more exciting than this year's bagrut should be reduced in scope. He agrees that the schools generally did a good job and "contributed greatly to keeping life normal."

The schools did not have to rely entirely on juggling around with their depleted staffs. The Ministry itself set up an emergency headquarters to help supply substitutes for the many men who were called up. The teacher shortage was less severe in the elementary than the secondary schools, because the former are staffed mainly by women. Hardest hit were the vocational and agricultural schools, with their predominantly male teaching staffs.

The substitutes, I was told by Dr. Dan Ronen, assistant to the minister, were drawn from among variety faculties, and students from the teacher training colleges. He was very diplomatic when I asked him about the success of the Ministry in teaching elementary grades. "I have no report on that yet." On the other hand, he quoted one professor as saying that he found fifth-grade pupils no less curious than his university students.

In many border areas, girl soldiers normally engaged in adult education were switched to teaching elementary school.

DURING THE WAR, the Ministry issued a positive flood of pamphlets on subjects ranging from "How to keep children occupied in shelters" and "Using newspaper cartoons to explain current events" to a 16-page booklet on "Becoming an orphan or losing a relative." Altogether 27 pamphlets and surveys were issued — "more than they've sent me during the whole of the last 10 years," commented Mr. Merzel.

The principal of the elementary school I visited was definitely not impressed by the Ministry's wordy output.

"I received a long survey with questions to be filled out on clinics, shelters and equipment, but nobody ever came to check it," he complained. He was of the opinion that no school in the city has all the required emergency equipment. In his own case, he found on going down to examine the large shelter of his newly-built school that the air-vent covers were missing and the exhaust fans not working. He also admitted that he had no idea how to make the shelter safe against possible gas attack. "Haga made only cursory inspections and was little help," he said.

It was from this same principal that I heard that at a meeting on the fourth day of the war, officials of the Jerusalem Municipality's Education Department had budgeted for emergency equipment. He himself had had to use school funds to buy flashlights and five large tins of biscuits to be available in case of need.

Mr. Merzel was less critical of the municipal authorities' response. "Although we haven't received one single item of firefighting

equipment from them," he said, "they have at least come round to us seven times."

HE FOUND EVIDENCE of a desire on the part of the Ministry as well as the Municipality to do and not just talk. "Ordinarily, I see my inspector only two or three times a year. During the war he was almost chasing me, coming to the school to help. Things that used to take months of correspondence, he settled on the spot in my office."

One of the most successful and popular of the Ministry's moves was their arrangement that the Broadcasting Authority — which comes under its jurisdiction to expand its daily programme of instructional television, especially as the accent was to be less on instruction than on "enrichment and entertainment." Instituted on the fourth day of the war, the programmes lasted until after the cease-fire, running from 8 a.m. until 5 p.m. with interruptions for the news bulletins. They must have earned the gratitude of thousands of mothers throughout the country, relieved for once at the thought of their youngsters glued to "the box."

The contribution of the older school-children to the war effort is certainly not to be underestimated. Dr. Ronen told me that some 30,000 high-school pupils contributed no less than 131,000 work days to the economy during the 18 days of the war. One illustration of the spirit they showed is the case of the 14-year-old Jerusalem girl who was refused work at a bakery because of her sex. The next day she went back dressed in her brother's clothes — and was taken on.

didn't know how serious they were. They were in a state of shock from seeing my condition, as well as from what had happened. The Egyptians were still firing. It was very hot; by then it must have been noon. Yet the crew dragged me along for more than a kilometre. They didn't try to bandage me or anything: after wards, in the hospital, I was told that nothing would have helped. Where it came from, what it was, I don't know. I was never able to find out. It was under the command of a major. They put me down on the floor. I insisted on my crew coming with me. We started off."

AHARON HAS BEEN TALKING with great animation. His left eye is still bandaged, although his sight, by a miracle, will be unimpaired. The piece of shrapnel never got through the bone. There is a scar on his chest. His wife, Onat, a psychology graduate of

Bar Ilan University, and mother of a three-month-old baby, suggests that he rest a while, and take a drink of water. "After all," she says, "Even Abba Eban interrupts himself to drink a little water." But Aharon is too involved in his narrative to rest.

"We were travelling along when a shell burst in the area. It's a major got some terrible wounds in the face. I never found out what happened to him. We went on, and got to one of the front-line doctors. He gave me some transfusions. All the time I remained fully conscious. I can't remember feeling any pain, only that I was determined to stay alive. That was why I wouldn't allow myself to lose consciousness. When we talk about the war, lying here in the ward, some of the chaps say they lost consciousness, others didn't. It also seemed to me very important that the crew should stay with me. I must have got very weak. The crew told me that they took me further back."

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Household energy crisis

ISRAEL, UNLIKE HOLLAND, is not faced with an immediate major fuel shortage. On the other hand, we must be prepared for some temporary cutbacks because of transport difficulties. And our government, like many others, has imposed certain fuel consumption restrictions, both in order to conserve fuel against a possible crisis and to save foreign currency.

Whatever way we heat our homes this winter, it is likely to cost more than last winter, since virtually all fuels, including electricity, have risen in price. The single exception, to date, is gas. One sure way to economize on heating is, of course, to heat less. Our government, in line with the United States and Japan, has recommended that household central-heating thermostats be set no higher than 20 degrees centigrade (68 Fahrenheit). For Americans who are used to a room temperature of 72°F. (22°C.), this requires a certain sacrifice. For Israelis, it probably does not.

I put the heating question to Dr. Arie Nafail, a physician whose specialties include problems of circulation and asthma. "For non-Americans," he said, "20 degrees centigrade is normally comfortable." He gave some general advice about keeping warm in winter:

"Except for the old or infirm, who need to pamper their bodies, the rest of us should live in winter temperatures which require a slight, pleasant effort to keep warm."

This means that we should keep our circulation moving, even if we sit at desk jobs. Getting up from the desk every so often and moving the hands and feet a little will help. Proper diet is important, too. Instead of a breakfast of sweetened coffee and a sweet roll, which gives "quick energy," a good breakfast of protein foods and some fat such as butter or olive oil will generate energy, including warmth, over a longer period of time.

Dr. Nafail is a staunch advocate of going to bed with a head covering — a keffiyeh or an old-fashioned woollen nightcap — so that one can sleep with the window open. But even non-covered heads can and should have at least a crack of fresh air coming in at night.

LET US TAKE a systematic look at what faces us this winter:

Central heating. Most central heating systems in multi-family apartment houses operate on solar, which is medium-weight fuel oil. The price of solar has risen 50 per cent since the emergency began. Home-heating companies will be charging some 30 to 45 per cent more to their customers than last year. (Part of the cost is "service" rather than fuel, and that part will not rise.)

The problem of fuel transport is perhaps more serious than the cost factor. Many homes in the colder parts of the country, particularly Jerusalem, are already feeling the pinch in terms of fewer hours a day of heating than usual, in order to conserve fuel supplies. This means that people will either have to get used to cooler homes, or rely on alternative forms of heating.

Kerosene. The old standby, the kerosene heater, is still the cheapest form of heat — and one of the most reliable. There are no shortages of kerosene, and the elderly men who deliver it on small vehicles have surely not been mobilized for military service. Most people nowadays, however, buy their kerosene directly from a petrol station. It might be wise to keep a larger supply

Marketing with Martha

Sun-heaters. The energy crisis may revive interest in a limited source of energy — sunshine. Householders might well consider investing IL1,000 or so in a sun-heater for hot water. I'm told that five or six hours of sunshine in any given day is sufficient to heat water for baths for an average family, while a mere hour or two of sun will give enough for showers. The sun-heaters come with auxiliary electric heating elements for cloudy days. So far as I know, Haifa is the only city which has restrictions about sun-heaters on roofs (for aesthetic reasons), and even there, they are permitted on special approval of their placement.

Clothing. One of the first victims of the fuel crisis may be the fashion adopted from the United States in recent years, of wearing light-weight dresses all year round, and protecting yourself from the cold outdoors with a warm coat. This winter, you will probably need warm clothes indoors, too — even in homes which are centrally-heated. There is no disgrace in wearing long underwear, for instance, if it helps you. Nor is there any shortage of sweaters on the market, even at very reasonable prices. My annual advice is to browse the open markets for a new sweater or two to spruce up the wardrobe — Tel Aviv's Carmel market has some very attractive pullovers at IL15 and IL20 a piece.

Another encouraging sign, to me at least, is that women's fashion styles have reverted to the "classics" we were wearing some six seasons back. If like me, you kept your old suits, now is the time to drag them out again. You may be able to save on clothing what you must spend on higher-priced fuel.

IT OCCURS TO ME/Hadassah Bat Haim

The smile of the Sphinx

ONE OF OUR visitors, a serious observer of the Middle East scene, put forward a theory which explains very plausibly the reluctance of the Egyptians to enter into proper peace negotiations with us. Obviously, not to undertake their intelligence, they must be aware of the enormous advantages that would accrue once both sides could send their soldiers home and stop running up bills for tanks, field boots and khaki sewing kits. They know that the exchange of technicians would raise living standards on both sides and that making Arabic a compulsory subject in our schools would provide jobs for thousands of unemployed Egyptian teachers.

However, all these benefits have to be weighed against the problems that will arise in the tourist industry. At present, a trickle of wealthy British spend a month or two in Egypt during the winter as refugees from their own abominable climate. They take a dutiful look at the Pyramids, listen respectfully to statistics on The Dam, then settle down thankfully to play bridge with their peers, go to the races and acquire a sun-tan. They are mainly catered for and uncommonly catered for as the tea is hot, the whiskey in good supply and the service obsequious.

As tourists, they will be a dead loss. They will carry their own luggage, not being used to service of any kind, ignore the races, refuse to buy dirty postcards, and will embarrass them and their impulse to treat the waiters as friends will undoubtedly be regarded with disfavour by the hotel managers.

All this will cause a great upheaval in Egyptian society. Heads will roll when it becomes apparent that the hastily-organized restaurants and hotels do not come up to halcyon standards. The smart set will change their headgear for "kora tembels" and bellydancers will have to learn the hora. Dislike of change and apprehension about not being able to cope probably weighs more heavily with the Egyptians than the opening of the Suez Canal.

TELEVISION/Philip Gillon

Rationing the truth

THE SIGNING of the historic agreement between Egypt and Israel was somewhat marred by the U.N. joining in the ongoing war against the press. One principle seems to unite all the governments of the world, Israeli, Egyptian, U.N., the lot — everyone loves to ill-treat journalists. It is hardly surprising that some members of my profession start to feel distinctly paranoid as the forces of authority are turned on them to prevent their discovering the truth. All leaders of all nations appear to be united in their worship of Mark Twain's principle that truth is such a wonderful thing we must be very sparing in the use of it. Otherwise, why wouldn't they let the press take a peek inside that tent at Kilometre 101?

On Friday night, we saw some excellent reportage of the attitudes of Arabs on the West Bank. All those interviewed were unanimous in saying that they were sick and tired of all these Middle East wars, and want only to live and work in peace with the Jews. If these six years have shown anything, it is that it is possible for Semitic cousins to get along together without reaching for tanks and missiles. Let us hope that the desire of ordinary folk to be left alone to concentrate on improving their standards of living and avoiding excessive income tax will be respected in some ultimate peace charter for the region.

I SEETHED with indignation when we saw the magazine feature devoted to Israel being boot-ed out of Africa, country after country. Somehow we are saddened but not shocked when we are

ill-treated by Heath, Brandt, Pompidou, Kreisky, etc. We always suspected the British, knew how treacherous the Gauls are, rather relished an opportunity to go back to looting the Germans, never trusted the Austrians for a moment — in fact, we have always been astonished when the Europeans behaved decently. But from the Africans, we expected better things.

Of course, it would be naive to say that Israelis served in Africa without any thought of gaining friends in high places, that the sole motive was idealistic, a fulfilment of one of the promises set out in Herzl's *Altneuland*. Ah well, the Africans have exactly the same, the colour of a skin makes not the slightest dif-

RADIO/Helga Dudman

The spy in the boudoir

"I AM NEUTRAL," said Mata Hari, on the Army Channel last week. "Besides, I like men after they've taken off their uniforms of the six points of Kissing's between Germans and French." The legendary World War I spy, played by Leah Koenig, was appearing in the series on great trials in history, in a dramatic adaptation which involved a play within a play: a journalist called Charlie was assigned by his editor to do a piece for the following week's magazine on the mysterious dancer executed by the French in 1917.

There were several bones to pick with the story as presented. Did the library at which the journalist checked really have nothing to offer? Why didn't he look in an encyclopedia? Then he would have found that her maiden name was Margaretha Geertruida Zelle, and not Margaretha Geertruida. His story had many clichés and few revelations — though the fact of a daughter, shot by the Russians in Korea in 1950 for spying for the Japanese, was a nice bit of up-dating. But never mind: as a choice of escape-subject for today, it couldn't have been better. Boudoir spies are certainly preferable to electronic ones.

THE JAPANESE turned up most mysteriously during the Friday evening news broadcasts, which struck me as a series of thrilling instalments keeping us in the murky dark and leaving us gasping for the next. Last Friday, it will be remembered, the morning papers came out with the principles of Dr. Kissing's peace plan without, however, attributing their sources. The radio told us that

by 8 p.m. all would be clear, in Hari, on the Army Channel last week. "Besides, I like men after they've taken off their uniforms of the six points of Kissing's between Germans and French." The legendary World War I spy, played by Leah Koenig, was appearing in the series on great trials in history, in a dramatic adaptation which involved a play within a play: a journalist called Charlie was assigned by his editor to do a piece for the following week's magazine on the mysterious dancer executed by the French in 1917.

At 7 p.m. last Friday, panting, we tuned in to the news — an hour ahead of the promised revelation, but still — only to hear a communique from Washington announcing agreement in Jerusalem and Cairo to the "package deal." This, we heard, was to have been issued simultaneously in the three capitals, but "due to a news leak through the Japanese Foreign Ministry, an hour and a half ahead of schedule," the Americans were jumping the gun.

Dr. Kissing was by this time in Pakistan; in Jerusalem, the Cabinet was to meet, "and would comment later."

At 8, the story was still the same. At 8.10, I took the liberty of listening to the television news, which told us from Washington of a "New York Times" editorial of that morning, hailing the "agreement" between Israel and Egypt. In Jerusalem, the Cabinet was still meeting. And so it was by the time the 11 p.m. news came on.

My own commentary, last Friday night, was that the mystery of the Japanese presence traced back to Japan's annoyance at Kissing's sudden Chinese detentions (Japan felt it should have been forewarned), and here was a chance to make things up. The theory does not hold water; but then, what does?

Certainly not the opinion of Jews!



Princess and groom: they managed without Habadniks.

ill-treated by Heath, Brandt, Pompidou, Kreisky, etc. We always suspected the British, knew how treacherous the Gauls are, rather relished an opportunity to go back to looting the Germans, never trusted the Austrians for a moment — in fact, we have always been astonished when the Europeans behaved decently. But from the Africans, we expected better things.

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ference; like everyone else, when they think a ship is sinking for lack of oil, they can't get down the hawes fast enough.

DESPITE THE criticism I expressed last week of Great Britain's prime minister, I have nothing but deep respect bordering on reverence for the royal family and was delighted to see that the Queen and her consort got that rather difficult girl off their hands in great style. Nothing is as impressive as a princess, and nobody knows how to handle a royal wedding as well as the British. By the grace of King Hussein, we saw the whole show — the Israeli plebs only gave it two minutes.

There has been some talk in the British parliament of eco-

nomizing on royalty: if an outsider can tender some advice, they should rather economize by getting rid of Ted. In fact, I can think of few prime ministers since the turn of the century, except Churchill and Lloyd George, with whom the British could not easily have dispensed and saved millions thereby. But they must never cut even one newpence on coronations and royal weddings.

The view of the wedding naturally filled me anew with great envy: once again I raise the necessity for Israel to have a royal family and a House of Lords. When our president's daughter got married, it excited hardly a ripple of interest through the nation; a few Habadniks staged an impromptu dance, and that was all. Just compare this to the glory that is Britain!

Our desperate need for a House of Lords has become even more apparent in recent days. We always required one as a golden age retirement home for our politicians, who are at present compelled to hang on by the skins of their shaky teeth until it tatters in their stixias. But in these present days the advantage of the British system has become even more apparent. The generals' war and the other internecine feuds that are now making life so unpleasant could all have been avoided if former generals could have been gently disposed of with a peerage.

WHILE WE have been so preoccupied with the wars between Jews and Arabs, and those between Jews and Jews, a great light went out in the world, that of Pablo Casals. His ardent and undeviating sponsorship of the Jewish state is something we must always cherish, and the programme devoted to his memory was as inspiring as his music was wonderful.

on her observation that they do a good job — with the reservation that, compared to the facilities available to the Hebrew channels, theirs are limited.

The second compliment comes from a male friend with a brand-new moustache, who tells me that the morning women's programme has adapted well to the emergency situation, with needed advice on how to approach visits to bereaved families, and "what to tell the children." Answer: the truth. This, apparently, is easier on a family front than on the diplomatic level.

LIKE LAST WEEK, the "People and Figures" programme again took up the public transport crisis — "the greatest casualty of the emergency," and the greatest source of injustice," because, of course, private car owners still go their merry way while bus queues get longer and longer. Well-intended efforts to pick up hitchhikers, it was pointed out, often end in chaos; and a little planning here might do wonders. The Ministry of Transport, one of the panelists noted, not all that concerned for its simple reason that "ministry officials all have private cars." This was a wonderful line to hear on the radio, instead of merely ringing inside my head, as it has done for years.

"I've just seen long lines of idle Egged buses in Jerusalem," observed another panelist. "And was told that there aren't enough drivers." Here, surely, he added was the place for a more rational re-assignment of workers. I personally have travelled with late-middle-aged bus drivers lately, and felt better about it than with swinging youth.

QUOTATION of the week: it comes from a soldier, as reported on one of the broadcasts from the front line, on his return from a patrol. Asked how it had gone, he replied, "Useful and constructive."



Mata Hari, the model for all movie femmes fatales.

the Israeli "man-in-the-street" understand us." Ah, well, so much for folk wisdom.

TWO COMPLIMENTS for two programmes which I do not hear regularly myself. A Jerusalem reader takes this column to task for ignoring the local English broadcasts. I pass constructive.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1973

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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